VIRTUS ET VALOR.

ADDRESS OF GEN. WADE HAMPTON Delivered at the Unveiling of the Wash ington Light Infantry Monument, Charleston, So. Ca., June 16th, 1870.

In accepting the position assigned to my insbility to discharge the task imposed in a manner worthy of the coasion, oppresses me and bids me keep silent; while on the other hand, a sense of duty to my living as well as the my living of duty to my living as well as to my names are written on that marble bedead comrades, impels me to join in lieved, as firmly as they did in the oxthis demonstration of honor to those gave their lives to defend. Let me then place on their tomb a votive offering,

ing or dead of the Washington Light Ingallant corps? I shall always remember it with pride, that when our State things. The test he applies to the ac- kind, in all ages have been called rebels; called her sons to defend her, and that tions of men is the law which God him- and we owe the Constitution which enington Light Infantry that gave me prevail over good on this earth. We over the graves which hold the hallowed lime truths every rrevice of the earth, to their eyes by exclaiming: ing upon yonder tomb where are inscribed the names of forty five of my loved and trusted comrades of that single company which you gave me, how can I forget the men who fought and not promise that virtue shall here the cause it has happened that George Washington fought in the same cause before you did."

You, my friends of the Light Indied by my side? Can I, turning from the triumph while vice is punished; It lamented dead to the honored living, does not promise that the cause of lib. looking once again upon the familiar erty, sustained though it may be by of his Country has made immortal, must father, in the holy zeal of the patriot, summer evening, before the furnace fire faces of the men whom danger taught truth, courage, patriotism, will necessate the trust, forget the friends who rily succeed when it has to contend with pride when you know that the great of his son, never betrayed that trust? Can I look upon Connor, as he leans upon these crutches which tell proudly how nobly he discharged his during the selection of the leans of the selection of the leans of the leans upon these crutches which tell proudly how nobly he are held out by the Divine Founder of Washington. You bear his name, discharged his duty, and then forget the Washington Light Infantry? Oh, no! my friends. Memory and associations such as these are amongst the most cherished though saddest of my heart, and they hind me to pay ald compades. The disappointments and afflictions; that they will often see the powers of dark—and they hind me to pay ald compades. The disappointments are held out by the Divine Founder of and you have proved yourselves worthy to do so.

There are other historic associations of peculiar and proud interest which connects your organization closely with they will often see the powers of dark—and they hind me to pay ald compades.

"A people's voice! we are a people yet!
The all men else their nobler dreams forget;
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of houndless less than

lienable rights established by our fathers and bequeathed to us as our noblest heritage. For these fought in vain; at the feet of the oppressors. It has there is left to us only a peoples voice, which, the sincere and honest in the convictions which prompted our actions, which still asserts our unshamed in the prompted our actions, which is the feet of our cause, and which, rising from our hearts in our our day and bequeathed to us as our noblest Poland. It has left Hungary bleeding you have been worthy oustodians of the your keep offered tew a generous publik. These offered tew a generous publik. These ing. Be true, then each of you, I conjure you, now and ever, whatever trials, vicissitudes, or suffering beset you, to your lineage, your principles, your reads the used in the winter for a heur of pins sowed broadkast in a ten aker of pins sowed broadkast in the form of pins sowed broadkast in the throats of prostrate States recking the throats of prostrate of the ends thou aim'st at be thy God's, thy Country's and Truth's be thy God's, thy Country's and Truth's be thy God's, thy Country's and Truth's be the feet of the oppressors. It has precious charge entrusted to your keep.

I has the feet of the oppressors. It has precious charge entrusted to your keep.

I has the feet of the oppressors. It has the feet of the oppressors. It has precious charge entrusted to your keep.

I have the feet of the oppressors. It has precious charge entrusted to your keep.

I have the feet of the oppressors. It has precious charge entrusted to your keep.

I have the feet of the oppressors. It has the feet which, rising from our hearts in our desolate land, utter lamentations for the precious blood that was so lavishly but so bravely shed in our country's cause. We, my friends, who were the

VOL. XXI

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1870.

The Sumter Watchman.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

actors in that mighty drama which for justice. It is not at all inconsistent four years filled the world's stage, may with these views that we, as a conquered not be competent to pronounce an impartial judgment as to the justice of that cause. Time, with its soothing influence, must clapse, and the passions should do it, in perfect good faith; but called its founders to repet foreign invariant to the passions and the passions of the cause. Time, with its soothing inengendered by the war must cool before we should claim and exercise the God- sion, and made them resort to arms to the record can be fully made up for given right of freedom of opinion. We history to pronounce her final verdict. acknowledge that the causes for which had acheived. Need I recall to your Believing that Truth, Right and Justice these men died is lost, but we should be memory the name of your first captain were on our side, we submit our case false to them, false to that cause, were —a name justly dear to every Carome by your kindness, in the solemn ceremonies of the day, many and conflicting judgment of posterity, reserving to cursives the right of appeal to the hand, said he, a painful conciousness of Great Tribunal alone where the Supreme honor and respect their memory. If Light Infantry-we, who gave our all istence of a God, in the justice of the to the same cause in which our brothers who are eleeping beneath the soil they cause for which they died; we know fell-can entertain no doubt as to the that they sacrificed peace, comfort, life, place which will be accorded them by fear to place the record you made for to encounter war, privation, death, at history. Stigmatized now as rebels, yourselves during the late war by the which, unwerthy as it may be of our the call and service of their State; and prosperity, will, we hope and believe side of that of any other command; nor noble dead, has at least the merit of knowing this, we place them high on give to them the more appropriate to compare the officers and men whom coming from hearts filled with sympathy for the cause in which they fell; admiration for their devoted patriotism and heroic courage; respect and affection memory be less dear to us, or less honorfor their memory, and professed residual to the same term applied to the memory be less dear to us, or less honorfor their memory, and professed residual to the same term applied to the memory be less dear to us, or less honorfor their memory, and professed residual to the same term applied to the memory be less dear to us, or less honorfor their memory, and professed residual to the same term applied to the same term app ed, because they fell in a cause which for their untimely death. There are God in His Providence, has seen fit to futation of all hishonor attached to officers, Johnson, DeTreville and Simon-

those who fall to exile, chains or death,

for with him success is the only evi-

dishonor, was born so heroically through nize those which separate light from North who, rising high above the prethe storm of nearly every great histor- darkness. We know that in the econ- judices of their actions and the trammels fell blessed martyrs, and this conviction omy of God evil is often permitted to of popular opinion, dare to assert in on our part is full of comfort to those language as lofty, sentiments noble as who see the names of their kindred the first company of the Hampton Le. see virtue trampled into dust by vice. those so eloquently expressed by this written on the South's Roll of Honor, Can you suppose that I have We see liberty prostrate at the feet of great orator. It was my good fortune, forgotten the name of "Company A?" that tyranny. We see religion superseded on a recent occasion in New York, - to company which for four years of heroic by fanaticism. Intillegence, virtue, though unequal war, stood always unpatriotism thrust aside, while ignorance country, address an audience composed shaken on the right of the Legion ? can I vice and selfishness usurp the high of Southern as well as Nnorther men. forget that devoted friend, that unselfish places of the earth. These are the oppatriot, that gallant soldier, that noble ponent anomalies which strike us, so lately arrayed the two sections in gentleman, Johnson, who was your first when we consider the Almighty's gov war, he drew a glowing picture of paand one of your costlicat sacrifices laid ernment of this world. But when triotism. He told us how this virtue, on the altar of our country? Can I forget the gifted Pettigrew, who lived look more closely into that wondrous ever-widening waves till it embraced truly long enough to achieve an undying system, and comprehend more fully the all we have as country; and then turnglory for himself, but who died too soon for his mourning country? Standing from Calvary, is lighting with its subdust of so many patriotic soldiers, look. we can reconcile the difficulties which gentlemen, the only reason why you

man and patriot of England. "The term rebel," said Charles Fox, "is no

of peculiar and proud interest which connects your organization closely with as eternal as the great truths for which they died; lofty as their fame; pure as the last smile; the hand that had led they died; lofty as their fame; pure as him on through all their wanderings and they bind me to my old comrades by ties which death may, but nothing else, can sever. They remind me, too, of my duties to the dead, and amongst them there is none more sacred than that which calls non more sacred than the said in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears. Amid that they died; lofty as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; riscours died in the great name it bears and and powerful sway; their deads in the great name it bears and and powerful sway; their deads in the great name it bears and and their motives, to praise their patriotism, and that not until the last trump shall ingron, the worthy kinsman and follows: to commend their example, and to protect their memory. These are the duties which devolve upon us, the sad survivors of that gallant band who, at the call of the State rallied to her defence. Mourning over the graves of "our slain," who, "for faith and for the survivors of that galland for the state rallied to her defence. Mourning over the graves of the carth. It is this sublime faith the container the Christian retrief. "our slain," who, "for faith and for freedom, lay slaughtered in vain;" stand he struggles to bear his own afflictions in the best blood of Carolina -- sancitified ing amid the wreck of our dearest hopes, looking at the ruin of our country; for he knows that if he try, witnessing the steady but rapid has discharged his duty to his God as the symbol of victory, the ensign of Republican institutions and to his country, he will sooner or liberty-was committed by Washington's and constitutional liberty, what is left later surely roap an exceeding great re- widow to the Washington Light Infanto cheer us to future exertion but the hallowed memories of the past—that past was made glorious by our great dead. Amid that noble and, alas, vast dead. Amid that noble and, alas, vast throng, none have done higher honor to their State, none deserve deeper gratitude, than the men who died in her cause. Not until death has placed his be not misled by that unmeaning jargon to the lives for their lives for eternal seal upon the living, and stampwhich tells you that your cause was the cause of freedom—in which it had ing their prayers for you, who are now ed with his irrevocable decree all the submitted to the arbitrament of arms, first been unfurled. Men of the Washactions of their being can they be truly and that the sword has decided that ington Light Infantry, sons of the men estimated. The judgement we pass cause against you. The sword has who fought by the side of Marion, of of grace, are invoking with devout upon our contemporaries is too often never, nor will it ever, decide a princiwarped by envy, jealousy, personal dis-like, or political prejudice; and it is not until death has closed their career, here that we can recognize the greatness but it can never reverse the immutable ville, and Seven Pinces, and Sharps but it can never reverse the immutable laws of God, and make what is evil appurposes.

The men to whom you dedicate this monument as a testimonial of your respect, gratitude and affection, have passed this last dread ordeal, and we deem them worthy to be enshrined in a people's heart, and to receive the greatful plaudits of a people's respect, and to receive the greatful plaudits of a people's respect to the greatful plaudits of the greatful pla too, as false in fact as in logic, to assert to day, and those whose names are of the brave dead ever remain fresh in that the sword can or does decide justly written on yonder slab, have fought our hearts. between right and wrong. With the under the same flag, in the same cause sword the Goths and Vandals drenched your fathers did and fought with a part of boundless love and reverence and regret.

To those great men who fought and kept it ours."

They fought to vindicate the great world to Mahomet. It allowed the truths enunciated in '76, and their inalienable rights cetablished by our father than the blood which flows in lienable rights cetablished by our father that the blood which flows in lienable rights cetablished by our father than a particultural implement, to which the devotion as noble, as ever animated the hearts of your patriot sires. You have proved that the blood which flows in lienable rights established by our fathers Greece. Its keen edge has dismembered your veins is not degenerate and that self-sharpening, self-greasing and self-sharpening, self-greasing and self-sharpening, self-sharpening, self-greasing and self-sharpening.

formation and history of your corps, and in the objects contemplated now by your defend that liberty which their fathers a name justly dear to every Caro-linian's heart, honored wherever integ-rity of purpose, purity of life, or power story was ever told than that of little they were right time will vindicate the the men I have ever known, the best man, action and record their fame. If wrong.

"It was a grevious fault, the wisest, the purest, and the greatest statesman was William Lowandes." On the roll of your Company, illustrated We comrades of the Washington first by this great name, are to be found many others worthily distinguished in the annals of our State, fit successors of your illustrious captain. Nor need you them, and I except as a complete re- ed to that cause, and with as field other motives, scarcely less potent, why let fall. The heathen may deify the my voice should not be silent on any conquering hero, while he condemns used in regard to it by a great states—this State drew from your ranks, so prolific of gallant soldiers, many of its most efficient subaltern officers and men. dence of merit, but not so the Christian. certain mark of disgrace. For all the How the rank and file of the Washing-Have you forgotten, comrades of that Right, Truth, Justice contribute the great apostles of liberty, the saviors of ton Light Infantry did their duty to allant corps? I shall always rememquent language, by the long list of honored names that meet your eyes on command was organized—when your banner, unsulfied by any stain of defeat. Untarnished by any breath of from wrong, as readily as we can recoglibrary to the constitution which deside and we owe the constitution which deside and we owe the constitution which deside and we owe the constitution which sales and the sales and the sales and the sales and the sales are the constitution which sales are the constitution which sales and the sales are the constitution which sales are the consti noble dead. Well worthy are they of all the honor you can pay them, for they

> that list which records her dead. I know how vain is all human consolation to the heart that is called on to give some object around which the tears that will swell up from his heart, at some loved name, perhaps on that tomb, or some stone that covers all that was mortal of one who was his pride, his hope, his darling, cries out in the pathetic language wrung from a bereaved father's heart: "Oh, my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God had died for thee! O, Absalom! my

"Why then, God's soldier be he, "Had I as many sons, as I have hairs. "I would not wish thom a fairer death." It is right and proper that you should oreserve the memory of our dead heroes. in his, and the small, tight hand folded Would that we could erect to them a monument whose foundations should be hand she had stretched out to him with a touching and beautiful article of belief in the creed of that strange system of theology which takes its name from its founder—one of the most wonderful men of the last century—that those who fall in battle, fighting honestly and truly for their country, are immediately transported to Heaven to partake of the highest joys of that blissful abode.-Though no such promise is held out by our religion to its votaries it surely

not inconsistent with its holy spirit or divine teaching, that this may be the case. The trust of the patriot and the faith of the Christian may then unite in the hope, so full of joy and consolation them, to the very footstool of the throne for you, all those rich blessings which

He, and He alone, can bestow. Before Gen. Hampton had concluded his address the rain began to fall, but a

- Josh Billings thus speaks of a new karakter should be without t is rake, even if he has to steal one.

To remove stains from character-Get

CHARLES DICKENS.

LITTLE NEEL AND LIT-

No writer of flotion ever appealed so directly to the better feelings of human nature as Dickens. None ever described the death of children (whom he loved Paul Dombey, unless, possibly, it be that sadder one of "Dear, gentle, patient noble Little Nell," in the Old Curiosity Shop; and so long as English literature endures, will these be read in every household, in every land, with swelling hearts and overflowing eyes. Had Dickens written nothing but these two sorrowful stories, he would still have touched a responsive chord, and have been embalmed in millions of hearts on both sides of the ocean.

At last the master hand that magnetized the world with its touch has been stilled in that death which it so often and beautifully described-nowhere more beautifully and feelingly than in the two brief extracts which we copy here as illustrating that boundless sympathy with purity, goodness and suffering that heart as a child. He has followed the "old, old fashion," that he portrays here in such gentle tearful words—"the old, old fashion, Death"—only to take on, like little Paul, "that older fashion yet of Immortality."

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God. and waiting for the breath of life ; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put me near something that loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged, in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there unaltered in this change. Yes! the old fireside had smiled upon the same sweet face; it had passed like a dream, thro the haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the upon the cold wet night, at the still

jesty after death. who stood around, as if imploring them

to help her. She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could

know her no more. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the that our dead patriots—"God's sol.
diers"—purified by the great oblation of
their lives for their country's liberty,

the hope, so full of joy and consolation
inight; but, as the hours crept on, she
sank to sleep. They could tell by what
she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them, and used them kindly, for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervor.

Waking, she nover wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes, at last, from every quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face, such, they said, as growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, forget, and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

Along the crowded path they bore her now pure the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat, when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that penceful spot, she passed again, and the old church recoived her in its quiet shade.

DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

arms when she thought she was dying
—for even he, ber brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. That train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had over seen his mother; for he Better be upright with could not remember whether they had unprincipled with planty.

told him yes or no, the river running very fast and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling, why?"

"Did I ever see any kind face, like mama's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy ?"

He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

"Oh yes dear."

"Whose, Floy ?" "Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too ? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, an instant-longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more-then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me the old nurse, Floy,

you please?
"She is not here, darling. come to morrow."

"Thank you Floy ?"

l'aul closed his eyes with these words and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro; then he said, "Floy, is it to morrow? Is she come?"

her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul soup. All the world knows that in thought he heard her telling him when China they have a delicacy which has he had closed his eyes again, that she not reached other parts, in birds' nest would seen be back; but he did not soup. One of my first inquries, as I got open them so see. She kept her word into the streets of Canton, was after this parts of home duties.

— perhaps she had never been away— commodity, or the nexts from which it but the next thing happened was a is made, and I was taken into a fine shop, grace and beauty in the folds of a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and fitted up in a costly manner, where it knew them every one called them by

radiant smile, a figure coming in. pound. Yes, yes. No other stranger would nave shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybedy clse but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy! this is a kind, good face!"

said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here." His senses were all quickened, and

he heard a name he knew. "Who was that, who said Walter?" he asked, and looked around. "Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should

like to see him very much." Nobody replied directly ; but his fabedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So been the same mild and lovely look. So pause of expectation, during which he pause of expectation, during which he ther soon said to Susan, "Call him back, the southern coast of the island are aplooked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said "Good bye!"

Good bye, my child!" cried Mrs.

Pipohin hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good bye?"

For an instant, Paul looked at with the wistful face with which had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah yes," he said placidly, "good bye! Walter dear, good. bye !"-turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again.

"Where is papa?"
He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from

his lips.
"Remember, Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was found of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "good bye!" to the city.

Walter once again. the dead struggling to escape, while the dead "Now lay me down," he said, "and

Floy, come close to me and let me see you !' Sister and brother wound their arms

locked together. "llow fast the river rues, between

its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so?"
Presently he told her the motion of the boat upon the stream was fulling him to rest. How green the banks were now; how bright the flowers but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who

He put his hands together, as he had

stood on the bank ?

back again, and nothing else stirred in the reom. The old, old fashion! The is their peculiar forte in other parts of fashion that came in with our first the world. Perhaps it is out of grati One night he had been thinking of the wide firmament is rolled up like a ment interferred and required that they his mother, and her picture in the drawing room stairs, and thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her And look upon us, angels of young rally develop their musical powers.

Better be upright with poverty than

ing and drinking. One can accommodate himself readily to many new circum-stances in which he finds himself on stepping into a new country, but he cannot always make his tasto agree with the tastes of the people among whom he is thrown. Happily in this age of the speak of some things which are supworld he finds some of the staples or life much the same the world over, so that he is not obliged practically to put the most fastidious of the sense to the strong test which it had to endure, when day after day, dressed and ready cooked. traveling, as one of the fine arts, was There are several such markets in the more in its infincy; but he can still in city. Rats also, alive and dead, fresh dulge in observation and speculation to and dried, are regularly and constantly his heart's content.

The Chinese from time immemorial, diet, and for some of the luxuries of life which are peculiar to the celestial king-Some one seemed to go in quest of dom. To begin with the first course. not reached other parts, in birds' nest none of any value bringing a less price than their weight in silver, and some "And who is this? Is this my old bringing almost their weight in gold.

> The nests are simply a mass of pure gelatine, secreted in some way by a species of swallow, and deposited against a wall, just as the swallows in our country stick a nest of mud against a beam. Some naturalists maintain that the gelatine is formed from a sort of seafoam which the swallow gathers, and is exuded from the mouth of the bird. It exuded from the mouth of the bird.
>
> exuded from the mouth of the bird.
>
> closely resembles the gelatine which is known by the name of isinglass, and the known by the name of isinglass, and the dear little angel at the bottom."
>
> Upon which she had the angel taken commendatory as that from which our ellies are made at home; I am disposed to think, more so. The nests come chiefly from the island of Java, where a drop," he replied. they are obtained with great labor and often at much peril, from deep caves along the cost. Some of these cares on proached only by a perpendicular descent of great depth, by means of laddors, the raging of the sea below pre-venting all approach from the water.— When collected they are assorted into different grades, these which have been occupied by the birds bringing the highest price; and the other grades at prices according to cleanliness and quality. I have put one of the lower grade, but a fine specimen of the nest, into my trunk, (I mean my baggage,) and presume it will be one of the earliest

importations into America. The Chinese do not have as great a variety of animal food as the Western nations, but they make use of some an imals which most nations reject. I find a great diversity in the testimony of travelers and residents in regard to the use of "rats, cats and puppies," some of the latter, (I mean the residents,) stout ly affirming that they are not used at all, or if so, only in cases of extremity where nothing else in the shape of food can be obtained. But I have seen all these animals exposed for sale in the markets of Capton, in the very heart of

specimens hanging around him awaited their destiny with more composure .-There is no more reason for denying that such animals are regularly sold in around each other, and the golden light | the markets of Canton for food, than that came streaming in and fell upon them, beef and mutton are sold in the markets of Yew York. And yet, it is neverthe less true, that the mass of the people do not use them for food. Their use is confined to those who are unable to obtain flesh ment that is more expensive.

Another staple in the line of animal food is pork. Chinese pigs are celebrated the world over for their excellent quality, and, as well as Shanghai chick ens, have long been imported into America. They are raised with great care; as carefully, if not more so, than the children. They are often kept in little cages in the shops and houses where they receive every attention and been used to do at his prayers. He did are fed with the choicest food, instead not remove his arms to do it; but they of living on what is thrown away. And saw him fold thom so, behind her neck a very quiet and well behaved race they "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know are. They are carried about the streets in baskets just large enough for them to the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining as I go!"

In passets just large enough their legs folded, and in this state are laid away at the markets and other places, but I do not

the head is shining as I go!"

The golden ripple of the wall came remember ever to have heard in China remember over to have heard in China chinal and the remember over to have heard in China remember over to have heard in China garments, and will, last unchanged tude that they remain so qui t, for I until our race has run its course, and have been told that until the govern-

only fruit in the South, that was in season and really palatable, was the pumelo, corresponding to the West India shaddack. Nor is this fruit pleasant to the

Highest Style of the Art.

EVERY DESCRIPTION

PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THE

The New York Observer furnishes an interesting chapter on the food of the Chinese. The readers of it will gratify curiosity, without exciting envy.

Ose of the most curious, but not the most agreeable parts of a traveler's experience in going around the world, is to be found in the great diversity of manners and customs in regard to eating and drinking. One can accommodate or uone at all, than to make au out ande out purchase. This species of gambling is going on continually.
I have not attempted to give any idea.

posed to be of most interest to those not acquainted with Chinese life.

There are dog warkets, where nothing else is sold, and where I have seen dogs sold, and I have seen them in all these stages of preparation, as I have been at least from the days when we studied passing. One plump follow I saw sust the pictorial geography, have been celebrated for the range of their animal waiting for a purchaser, but all the while

FARMER'S GHELS.

Farmer's girls are expected to understand housekeeping, but sometimes a hard barren life of toil begets in thom a disgust, which leads to extreme carelessness and indifference in the nicer

curtain, the arrangement of a table, the then Paul woke-woke mind and body was the only article sold. Birds' nest position of a chair-the amount of light -and sat upright in his bed. He saw are a great luxury in China, being and shade to give the right effect to all. them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He cording to the quality of the article, and the effect on your nature will be. ennobling. Do not begrudge five minutes to trim a dish with green leaves upon the dinner table, not forgetting to nurse?" said the child, regarding, with Nests are sold high as \$30 or \$40 a twist a spray of flowers or leaves amid the dark or gold of your hair! somebody's eyes will brighten to see it, and, ere aware, you will become "a trap to catch a sunbeam." — Country Gentlemen.

A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking-oup with an angel at the bottom. When she filled it for him he used to drink it to the

He drank all the same, and she again

asked him the reason. "Because I won't leave the old devil

100 years a secret-Cures as by magic-1,000 persons testify --

Pains, wounds, and sufferings Be Physicians use and recommen

it--\$5.00 pots ordered daily for hospitals and public institutions in all parts of the U. S.

PHŒBE BAKER SALVE

all Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sarcs, Ulcers, Cancers, Sere Nipples, and Broken Breasts, Chapped Lips and Hands, Eruptions, Chil-blains, Bites or Stings of Insects, &c. Put up in 50c. sizes (and \$1 pots for families.) All Druggists everywhere sell it.

DON'T BE ONE DAY Without it in the House.



"COSTAR'S" Standard Preparations

"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c. Exferminators.

"Costar's" (liquid) Bed Bug Exter. "Costar's" (only pure) Insect Powder. "Costar's" (only sure remedy) Corn · Solvent.

Ask for "COSTAR'S" (take no other.)
\$1, \$2, \$3, and \$5 sizes, order from
COSTAR CO., 13 Howard St., N. Y. GOODRICH, WINEMAN & CO.,

Wholesale Agents, CHARLESTON, S. C.



TilE undersigned would most, respectfully announce to the people of Sumfer and surrounding country has be have just received a

Mariole

W. P. SMITH. Nes IT SUMTER, S. C.